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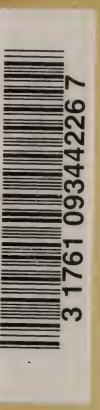
B. MUSINGS IN EXILE.



A COLLECTION

OF

Poems and Songs,

BY

DANIEL BRADLEY.

188020
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GLASGOW:
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1894.

TO THE

VERY REV. M. CANON CONDON,

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH,

ANDERSTON, GLASGOW,

THIS little work is dedicated, in grateful acknowledgment of the kindly encouragement he has given me since first I had the honour of coming under his notice. The sanction of his name to any undertaking is an honour anyone might feel proud of, and as such I value the privilege of placing that name upon this page. Therefore, whether this little venture of mine be successful or otherwise, I will, while life lasts, always remember, with gratitude and pride, that I had, at least, his commendation and good wishes.

DANIEL BRADLEY.

40 Oak Street, Anderston,
Glasgow, *January, 1894.*

Presented to The Hon. E. Blake
by the author
W. Bradley

MUSINGS IN EXILE.

BOYHOOD'S RECOLLECTIONS.

How sweet are the thoughts of our childhood's bright hours,
When they come after years of dull labour and toil;
Each gleam of youth's sunshine that mem'ry embowers
Makes brighter life's path through the world's sad turmoil.
As here now I sit in the dim of the twilight,
The loved scenes of boyhood my memory fill,
As fresh and as fair as they oft' met my eyesight
At home in that "sweet little town on the hill."

Away, far away, through the years that have taken
Life's hope from my heart and youth's bloom from my brow,
My thoughts have gone back, and in mem'ry awaken
Old pleasures again that have slumber'd till now;
And I see, in my mind's eye, the fields and the meadows
Through which, when a schoolboy, I wandered at will,
Unheeding the future's dim fears, or its shadows,
When truant I play'd from the "Brow of the Hill."

I can see, too, quite plain, as I often in dreams do,
The "Foyle" by old Derry roll on to the sea,
And even the thought that I see it now seems to
Make lighter my heart and brings pleasure to me.
In fancy once more at "Scott's Quay" I am sitting
With comrades there, waiting impatient until
The incoming tide should for bathing be fitting,
Or sit in the shade of the trees in "Foyle Hill."

I know every spot from "Culmore" to "New Buildings,"
With schoolmates bird-nesting I've been through them all;
I've seen, with delight, too, the pictures and gildings
That beautified once the "Casino's" old hall;
And ofttimes I've wander'd as far out as "Greenan,"
Where health-giving breezes my young blood would thrill;
And yet, I am sure that my name may be seen, in
Rude letters engraven, on "Holy Well Hill."

I've strayed through "Prehen" in the hush of the even',
And wild flowers gathered its old trees among;
I've sat "up the Glen" till the sun, the west leaving,
Sent birds flying nest ward, and banished their song.
Along the "Lone Moor" in the twilight's sweet hour
I've strayed, when all nature was silent and still;
In some shady nook, from the soft summer shower
Safe shelter I've found on the old "Bluebell Hill."

But ah! those old joys have all vanished for ever,
And left but their mem'ry to make me regret
That fortune and time should condemn me to sever
Myself from the scenes I can never forget.
Still I must be content with my lot for the present,
All, all on this earth have their fate to fulfil;
Perhaps in the future my life may be pleasant
Again in that sweet "little town on the hill."

CUPID SPORTING.

Cupid one bright summer day
A-sporting went with loaded quiver.
Mischief led his steps, in play,
Along a path beside a river,
Where he found a youth alone
Who seemed as if with sorrow laden,
For in sad and mournful tone
Thus was he the fates upbraiding—

"Why," he cried, "oh! cruel fate,
Was I not born in higher station?
Why must I neglected wait
While others gain your approbation
Here in solitude I mourn
Day after day, no hope to guide me,
With nought to cheer my life forlorn—
Love and fortune's both denied me!"

Cupid, sly mischievous elf,
Knew well for what the youth was sighing.
Laughing softly to himself,
Soon off to the wood was hieing,
Where a maiden, young and fair,
Strayed among the wild flowers, singing,
Free from every thought of care—
With her song the wood was ringing.

But 'twas not of love she sung;
'Twas some quaint and old-time ditty
That oft' brought to old and young
Sadden'd thoughts and tears of pity.
Through the trees the sunbeams bright
Came and kissed her hair so golden,
Making with their dazzling light
A picture that would love embolden.

Soon an arrow to his bow
Cupid fixed, and quickly aiming,
Pierced the maiden's heart, when lo!
Love at once her thoughts were claiming;
And, as if by fate decreed,
Her wand'ring steps when home returning
Took the path across the mead
To where the youth sat sadly mourning.

But his grief soon turns to joy
As he sees the maid advancing,
Greeting him with glances coy
That fill his heart with hope entrancing;

And he knows, ere word is spoke,
The love that he so long had hidden
At last had in her breast awoke
An answering love at Cupid's bidding.
She it was for whom he sighed
In that lone spot where Cupid found him
Trying there in vain to hide
The love that in its meshes bound him.
She had riches; he was poor;
Yet in secret long he loved her
With a love so true and pure
That Cupid had in pity moved her.

Now, together, hand in hand,
They homeward go, engaged lovers;
By the touch of Cupid's wand
Each in life new joy discovers.
Thus doth love, by Cupid's aid,
Join heart and heart in holy union;
So I leave the youth and maid
Happy in love's sweet communion.

TO AN ESCAPED LARK.

High! oh, so high! up to the sky,
Sweet little lark, now so quickly you fly;
Free from the prison that held you so long,
What a glad change do I hear in your song.
Now it comes thrilling, so happy and loud,
Raising bright thoughts in the hearts of the crowd
Watching you here from the dry, dusty street,
Rejoicing with you in your liberty sweet.
Tho' they may miss the glad notes they oft' heard,
None wish your capture, wee song-laden bird,

Save he to whom you did lately belong,
His are the only sad thoughts in the throng—
He who, for love of the song that you sung,
Kept you in bondage, while daily you hung
Outside his window, in sunshine or rain,
Cheering all hearts with your joyful refrain.
Now he may grieve—he will see you no more,
Carelessly did he leave open your door,
Giving the chance you have taken to-day.
Now, little bird, you are free and away—

Away to the fields, where above the green corn,
Blithely once more you will welcome the morn,
Praising the giver of freedom and light,
Filling the air with your song of delight.
Ah! little birdie, how happy are they
Who in the country, in summer, can stray,
Hearing the music of song-bird and stream,
Passing life by in one long blissful dream;
Watching the gambols of life in the grove
Close to the home of their childhood and love.

Oh! could I follow you now in your flight
High o'er the house-tops to that dizzy height,
Maybe, wee birdie, I, too, could enjoy
A sight of the green fields I loved when a boy—
Loved with a home-love as tender and true
As ever the meadows were lovèd by you.
But, little birdie, 'tis folly, I own,
Thinking of pleasures that long since have flown;
And as you've vanished from sight in the sky,
Gladly I bid you a long, last good-bye.

LIKE A FORETASTE OF HEAVEN.

When the lip of the lover that presses thy brow
Stirs thy blood with electric thrill;
When you rest in his arms as he utters the vow,
That he's constant and true to thee still;
When you know that you're loved and your lips are unsealed
While the first sweet caresses are given,
You think that this moment of bliss hath revealed
A joy like a foretaste of Heaven.

But if that your lover grows colder each day,
And false to the vows he has made,
And at last, like a coward, he wanders away,
And laughs at the love he betrayed,
Then you'll ask me no more why I wear this sad face,
And why I so constantly sigh,
And long for the hour when, in God's holy grace,
I shall silent and happily die.

THE NIGHT AFTER THE BATTLE.

(Suggested by a Picture).

The din of battle's o'er, and sombre night
Shrouds with its sable mantle all around,
Save where the watchfire plays with fitful light
On wearied soldiers resting on the ground.
Some sleep, and e'en in Nature's sweet repose
They grasp their rifles, as if in their dreams
They yet were battling with their country's foes,
Whose blood now dyes and fouls the neighbouring streams;
For here, not long before the setting sun
Sank red and slowly in the far off west,
Two armies met; and now, the battle won,
On hard-fought field to-night the victors rest.
Ah, me! how many, who but yesterday
Were strong in hope, and proudly sought the fight,
Now lie in death, and but await the clay
That soon will hide them from their comrades' sight.

Naught breaks the stillness of this awful night,
Only at times the watchful sentry's cry
Makes greedy vultures leave in hasty flight
The ghastly forms that yet unburied lie.
But hark! a sound comes to the sentry's ear,
Long, low, and mournful, as if caused by pain;
'Twas scarcely human, still, no coward fear
Made him who heard it call across the plain—
"Up, soldiers, up, some wounded comrade calls
For help; perhaps 'tis some one who was missed
When 'mong the dead, in spite of whistling balls,
The searchers sought the wounded to assist."
Full soon the guard, who waited near at hand,
With eager footsteps gain the sentry's side;
They question him, and he who holds command
Tells off a few o'er the dark field to ride.

With careful steps the horses pick their way
Among the dead, and seem as if to know
Their rider's danger, for no sound or neigh
Disturbs the silence as they onward go.
But stay! what see they there upon the right,
Some living thing that in the darkness moves;
The soldiers see it and in haste alight.
On near approach a little dog it proves.
Beside a still and deathlike form it lies,
And fondly licks its once kind master's face,
While patiently, so humanlike it tries
To wake him up. But death's last cold embrace
Too surely holds him; never more shall he,
Or that dead steed on which now rests his head,
'Mid battle's clangour, charging fearlessly,
Meet ruthless foes their blood in rage to shed.
Ah, no! for here, upon the crimson field,
His life-race ended, his last battle o'er,
The faithful dog his only friend and shield,
At peace he rests on earth to rise no more.

And these brave soldiers, hardened though they be,
With saddened feelings gaze upon the scene,
This little dog's so rare fidelity
Has moved their hearts as they have seldom been.
Nor need they further search, for well they know
'Twas its loud cry that made the sentry call;
And as they now the last sad rites bestow
On this poor corse, I let the curtain fall.
Oh! God, what tears, what misery and pain
War's cruel footsteps everywhere attend
In thirst of power, for dire revenge or gain,
'Tis Death's rich harvest at the bitter end.

TRUE LOVE NEVER DIES.

Love, like some sweet hidden flower
Whose perfume's felt while yet unseen,
In my breast once formed a bower,
There to dwell in peace serene;
And it yet, tho' years have vanished
Into time's eternal space,
Reigns as pure as when it banished
Other joys to fill their place.

Oh! how sweet is love when mated
With another love as pure;
Thus united, they are fated
Time and trouble to endure.
Tho' I now can call her mine,
She whose charms so thrilled my heart,
Still our love, all fear defying,
Seems as if of us a part.

Ah! where love is there is pleasure,
Tho' it dwells where Fortune's hand
Doles out but a stinted measure
Of the gifts at her command.
Heed not then the cynic's saying
That from poverty love flies;
H ere with us 'tis ever staying—
Love that's true love never dies.

THE WISH OF A TRUE IRISHMAN.

Tim O'Brien is my name, and proudly I own
That old Ireland's the land of my birth;
Throughout every clime where my countrymen's known
They are famed for their valour and mirth.
In rags or in riches, wherever they be,
While they help the old cause all they can,
There's a thought and a wish, dear Erin, for thee,
In the heart of a true Irishman.

Chorus—
Hurrah for the land that St. Patrick blest,
And whose sons from a foe never ran;
May prosperity smile on that Isle of the West,
Is the wish of a true Irishman.

In the years long ago, when Ireland was free
And a nation of learning and worth,
The ruthless invaders came over the sea,
And soon scatter'd her sons o'er the earth.
And yet, till to-day, through the world far and wide,
As if driven from home by a ban,
Wherever a struggle for freedom is tried
You will find there a true Irishman.

In Spain, and in France, in America too,
Her sons have gained honour and fame;
Their land of adoption has found them still true,
And they've earned there a home and a name.
'Mid battle's rude clangour their aim and their pride
Is to gallantly lead in the van;
Every cause that is just, with Right on its side
Finds a friend in a true Irishman.

The bright star of hope now more radiantly shines
O'er the land that I love, oh! so dear;
It brings to each heart that in bondage repines
The sweet thought that proud liberty's near.
Soon! soon! may it come; I would welcome the day,
And so joyfully join in the plan
To drive all oppression and slav'ry for aye
From the home of the true Irishman.

TO THE RIVER FOYLE.

'Twas summer, and o'er trees and flowers
The wind its sweetest breath was blowing,
The dew-like rain in silvery showers
Dropped in the river onward flowing,
And mingling with the rippling flood
The song-bird's notes made music charming,
While to their nests in "Prehen Wood"
The rooks in seeming haste were swarming.

Sweet "Foylehill's" lovely grove, it threw
Its shadow o'er the glancing river;
Within my heart remains that view,
And still will linger there for ever.
'Twas like some scene in fairyland—
I thought, as on the bank reclining,
No spot on earth was half so grand
As it, for which my heart's repining.

I've sat beneath the hawthorn tree
On the "Lonemoor" when eve was falling,
And rambled by "St. George's Quay,"
Where first I heard the cuckoo calling.
Tho' parted now from scenes I love
And friends I've known since days of childhood,
I still will think where'er I rove
On pleasant hours among the wildwood.

Oh! Foyle, I long to see thy waves
Roll onward to the Atlantic Ocean;
And till I'm laid within my grave
To thee I'll turn with fond devotion.
Like some sweet dream, I call to mind
The days when I was young and merry;
In all the world I ne'er could find
A lovelier spot than Londonderry.

TWO SONNETS.

(To Anthony Johnstone, Author of "Summer," "'Derry," and other Poems in "'Derry Journal.")

When o'er life's ocean years have sailed away
Into the darkness of the misty past;
When hopes, long cherished, are by clouds o'ercast,
And strangers in some distant land we stray
Far from our native homes that we love dear,
There comes no joy e'er sheds a brighter ray
Of sunshine o'er life's journey, dark and drear,
One half so sweet as when at times we hear
News from our homes, or read some poet's lay
That takes us back in airy flight of song
To old-time scenes where we were wont to play
With comrades dear the woods and fields among,
Or, in the measure of his tuneful rhyme,
In fancy hear the river's murmuring chime.

To thee, my friend, old 'Derry's favourite bard,
I give this tribute of the rhymer's art;
'Twill be, perhaps, to thee a slight reward
For thy sweet songs that have so cheered my heart,
And bade all care from off my mind depart.
Ah! poet, thou of that dear home I love,
Stretch forth thy hand o'er the dividing waves,
Give me thy friendship and thy firm regard—
This is the boon a brother rhymer craves—
And I will never, tho' I still may rove
A wanderer from that old and cherished spot,
Let time nor distance friendship's clasp remove,
Nor will its pleasure be by me forgot:
Life holds no joy where love and friendship's not.

LITTLE BIRDS.

Little birds, pretty things,
With your neat folded wings,
As you flit in your cage to-and-fro,
Do the musical notes
From your proud swelling throats
Remind you of days long ago?

Are you weary and tired
Of your prison, close wired,
Do you wish for your liberty, pray?
Do the songs that you sing
To your little minds bring
No hope of your freedom some day?

Day in and day out
There you flutter about,
Singing gladly, as if you were free,
Till the music I hear
Of your voices so clear
Brings back bygone mem'ries to me.

MY BONNIE WEE DAN.

What is so dear to the heart of a father,
What makes more lighter his burden of care,
Than the glad voices of children that gather
'Round him at night, as he sits in his chair?
Then he is happy, though toilsome he labour,
And fortune illtreats him however he plan,
He heeds not all this, nor e'er envies his neighbour,
If blessed with a boy like my bonnie wee Dan.

Fair-haired and blue-eyed, with skin like the lily,
Limbs straight and shapely as any could be;
Wise for his years, in his actions ne'er silly,
He's such a delight to his mother and me.
Here, at the fire, with my feet on the fender,
Trying, tho' vainly, my paper to scan,
I sit at my ease, while with glances full tender,
I watch the manœuvres of my bonnie Dan.

Oh! what a boy he is, always in mischief,
Climbing and messing things all the long day;
But when the evening comes, then, you know, his chief
Delight is to join with his dada in play;
Sometimes with "bools," or else spinning his "peerie,"
Or making him whips—well, I do what I can
To keep him amused, while he laughs, oh, so cheery,
Till sleep shuts the eyes of my bonnie wee Dan.

'Tis scarcely three years since God sent him to bless us
And cheer our life's-path with his innocent wiles;
Yet, twined round our hearts with his loving caresses,
We grieve at his tears, and with joy greet his smiles.
Oh! and may He who gives life to the flower
Grant he may live till I see him a man—
One true to manhood in dark or bright hour—
And keep every ill from my bonnie wee Dan.

"'DERRY'S OUR OWN."

Written when the result of Mr. Justin M'Carthy's petition was made known.

After long years of strife we have managed at last
To wrest our old home from the hands of the foe;
Twas by falsehood and fraud that they won in the past—
In justice and right it was ours long ago.
We have captured their stronghold of bigotry now,
That we're true to the cause to the world we have shown;
Thus another bright gem has been placed on the brow
Of our loved Mother Erin, for 'Derry's our own!

'Tis our own, and we'll keep it, we've honestly gained
A place in the ranks of the famed Eighty-six;
No more to the car of ascendency chained,
Shall our city be held by Conservative tricks.
We have cast in our lot with Parnell's gallant band,
And sent him an ally whose worth is well known—
In righting the wrongs of our loved motherland
Our voice shall be heard now that 'Derry's our own!

Still, no hatr'd we bear our opponents to day,
We are Irishmen all, whether Orange or Green;
'Tis only false teaching has led them astray,
That thus with the foes of their country they're seen.
We would try to forgive, and in time may forget
The insults we bore through the years that have flown;
If they'd only be friends we would welcome them yet
To the cause of our land, now that 'Derry's our own!

IT WAS NOT MARY'S EYES OF BLUE.

It was not Mary's eyes of blue,
Nor was't her hair so rich and golden
That woke the love, sweet, pure, and true,
Within my heart in days now olden.
It was her 'witching, winning smile,
Her modest ways and homely graces.
That did my fancy first beguile,
And held me in love's silken traces.

'Twas not that beauty dwelt upon
Her face,—tho' fair to me 'twas ever;
'Twas the soft tender light that shone
From her bright eyes made me endeavour
To win her love, to call her mine.
Oh joy! the day she owned she loved me
The sun it seemed to brighter shine,
As if it shared the hopes that moved me.

Near where the Foyle, with glist'ning wave,
Rolls on in all its pride and glory,
We sat that day, none near us, save
The little birds, to hear the story.
'Twas there I told the old, old tale,
In words that from my heart came flowing,
For ah! I could no longer veil
The ardour in my bosom glowing.

I told her how, since first we met,
Life seemed to hold for me more pleasure,
And that if I her love could get
I'd prize it as my dearest treasure.
I asked her if she'd be content
To trust her future in my keeping,
And give to me with full consent
The love yet in her bosom sleeping.

With bashful looks and blushes rare
Then Mary vowed she loved me dearly;
That through life's-journey, too, she'd share,
For good or ill, my lot quite cheerily.
And though long years have passed away
Since she and I our love-troth plighted,
As pure and sweet's that love to-day
As 'twas when fate our lives united.

A RAMBLING RYHME.

Rhymes are running through my head,
But I can't put them together.
All last night, while in my bed,
I dreamed and rhymed about the weather.
Sometimes snow, like death's cold arms,
In its white folds would embrace me;
Then the wind, with music's charms,
Softly through green fields would chase me;
Then, again, I seemed to hear
The voice of thunder loudly breaking—
'Twas but my wife, who in my ear
Called, "'Tis nearly six, awaken!"

A STORM AT SEA.

The gath'ring clouds across the sky are cast
In dark'ning masses by the rising blast;
The winds and waters for the mast'ry fight,
Until with foam the angry sea is white;
The lightnings flash, the thunder loudly roars,
The rain in torrents on the ocean pours,
And, 'mid the war of elements we hear
The Stormy Petrels' warning voices clear.

Hark! now the storm in all its power and force
Strikes our good ship and drives her off her course
But, well prepared with wind and wave to wrestle,
Bounds o'er the seething waves our gallant vessel.
Her tapering masts, tho' reef'd is every sail,
Bend low like reeds before the dreadful gale;
The danger now the stoutest heart appals
As night's dark mantle o'er the ocean falls.

Our stately ship, like some huge sea-bird, rides
O'er mountain seas that rush against her sides,
As if in rage that she should thus defy
The power of wind and waves that fiercely try
In vain as yet, thank God, to overwhelm
Our barque, but still she answers to her helm,
And with her sails now closely furled she flies
Before the wind, and so their rage defies.

Thus driven on before the furious blast,
Each dreaded moment seems to be our last;
We know not when, with rude and awful shock,
Our ship may shiver on some hidden rock,
For all is darkness, and no friendly light
Have we to guide us through this fearful night.
On! on we go, we know not where we're driven,
No help is nigh, our only trust's in Heaven.

* * * * *

Long hours have pass'd since first the storm arose,
But still as fierce the raging tempest blows,
Until at last, far in the east, we see
(With heartfelt praise we hail it joyously)
The morning sun in all its splendour rise,
Illuming brightly both the sea and skies,
And, as its light upon the waters burns,
Our courage with the rays of morn returns.

As if with day there comes a soothing balm,
The winds are hushed, the sea again grows calm;
And now we glide across the shimm'ring seas
With canvas set to catch the favouring breeze,
While from our hearts in fervent accents rise
Our prayers to Him whose throne is in the skies—
Who, when no human aid our lives could save,
Snatch'd us from death and from a wat'ry grave.

I CANNA BE IN RHYMING MOOD.

Twa hours hae I been sitting here
Wi' pen in haun', and busy thocht,
But, losh! my thochts tae-nicht, I fear,
Are no' jist clinkin' as they ought.
Tae try tae mak' a wee bit rhyme
I set mysel', an' thocht I could;
But here I've wasted a' this time,
Because I'm no' in rhyming mood.

See, there's twa sheets o' foolscap guid
A' scribbled owre an' laid aside;
At rest secure my muse lies hid,
She seldom lingers by my side.
Ah! no, no' oft' on me she'll look
Wi' kindness, as I think she should;
An' when by her I'm thus forsook
I canna be in rhyming mood.

On Hogmanay I took a drap
Wi' some auld cronies doon in "Mick's,"
At yin or twa I couldna stap,
An' noo I'm in an awfu' fix.
The wife's ill-temper'd, sae am I,
I'm sittin' here in solitude,
The money's done, and I'm sae dry
I canna be in rhyming mood.

Awa', then, wi' my laggin' pen,
Nae mair jist noo I'll court the muse;
Perhaps some ither nicht again
Tae len' me aid she won't refuse.
Tae weary care I'll say guid-bye—
They're fools that owre misfortune brood—
An' in the future time I'll try
Tae keep mysel' in rhyming mood.

HOGMANAY.

The clanging bells proclaim the dying year
  Is drawing nigh unto its end at last;
Like dear old Christmas, with its mirth and cheer,
  'Twill soon be buried in the gloomy past.

Hark! how the voices from the "Cross" resound,
  Where old and young to hail the New-Year wait,
While each his neighbour to first-foot is bound,
  When midnight chimes from out the old "Trongate."

Now is the time when gifts will freely pass,
  With pleasant wishes for the coming day,
And neighbours meet to drink a friendly glass
  In joyful honour of old "Hogmanay."

Full soon the bells to ring the New-Year in,
  Their voices borne upon the wind, we'll hear
When they from out the lofty spires begin
  To toll the requiem of the departed year.

TO THE "FERRET."

Angels "save us from our friends!"
Here my cousin to me sends
Written on the *Ferret* here,
On the margin, bold and clear,
In a dashing female hand,
A message from my native land.
Five brief words contain the tale:—
"Father gets the *Glasgow Mail.*"

To my Cousin—

Goodness gracious! where's the *Journal*
(That appeared some time diurnal)
Or the *Standard*, has it too
Vanished from the people's view,
That the *Mail* now fills their place
Within your home, dear cousin Grace;
Or is it that THEIR news is stale?
"Father gets the *Glasgow Mail*."

Or perhaps he's like some other
'Derry folk, who take the bother
Of sending off to towns elsewhere
For things they want, and could get there
Perhaps as good. Now this, you see,
Keeps the old town in poverty,
And sends her sons afar to roam,
While strangers fill THEIR place at home.

But surely he should patronise
The local press, that advertise
The cheapest shop where he can get
His *daily meal* not risen yet;
And for its true, correct reports
Of Council Meetings, Police Courts,
And other local news, I'm sure
Deserves support from rich and poor.

But, come now, cousin, tell me true,
Does "Father" get the *Ferret* too?
Sure it's a paper that contains
Both fun and news and weekly gains
A host of friends and fame as well
Where'er it's known, I'm proud to tell,
And hope, through time, it will not fail
To rank beside the *Glasgow Mail*.

THE IRISH A. B. C.

A is the Anger of merciless foes;
B is Balfour, who vile hatred shows;
C is Coercion, his favourite plan;
D is a Dungeon for each Irishman;
E is Eviction in snow-storm or rain;
F is the Famine it brings in its train;
G is the Gaols where our patriots lie;
H is the Honour for Ireland to die;
I is the Irish, undaunted who wait;
J is the Justice they've gotten of late;
K is a Knock from a baton or gun;
L is the Landlord, whose race is nigh run;
M is the Magistrate, paid by the crown;
N is the National League, not yet put down;
O is Oppression—we've felt it too long;
P is the Police, who cannot do wrong;
Q is Queen's Evidence, purchased by fear;
R is the Rights of the Land we love dear;
S is the Stories of Outrages made;
T is the Traitor, informer by trade;
U is United, that each one may live;
V is the Verdict that packed juries give;
W's the Will to fight on for our own;
X the Example our leaders have shown;
Y is the Yoke of tyrannical laws;
Z is the Zeal that we show in the Cause.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN 'DERRY.

Friend George, I got your letter,
And there's nothing I like better
Than to hear at times from Derry, that old home I love so dear;
Though it's long since I've been in it,
Sure you know my heart this minute
Beats as fondly for the old spot as it did ere I came here.

Ah! there's not a field or meadow,
Or a grove that casts a shadow
O'er the Foyle's clear crystal waters for miles along its way,
But where, some time or other,
When young and free from bother,
I have wander'd and been happy with chums now far away.

But you know what kind of feeling
Through an exile's heart comes stealing
When thinking on the home-scenes where his youthful days were spent.
I need give no other reason
Why your letter's to me pleasin'
Than that news from friends in 'Derry always makes me more content.

WATTY'S ANSWER.

"Eh! Watty, my man, what's ye thinking the noo,
That ye staun' there sae glum, on yer face sic a frown?
If it's thochts o' the past that thus wrinkles yer broo,
They're awfu' unpleasant tae hae I'll be boun'.
Come, tell us what ails ye—is onything wrang
Wi' the wife or the bairns, that ye're lookin' sae queer?
This morn at yer work ye were singin' a sang.
There's something no canny has happen'd, I fear."

This I heard a man sayin' yae meal hoor last week,
In the shop whaur I work, while we rested frae labour,
An' the cause o' his speerin' was no far tae seek—
'Twas seen on the face o' old Watty, his neighbour.
Noo, Watty, ye ken, canna very weel brag
O' his looks being, at best, either pleasant or cheerfu';
Frae mornin' tae nicht he's aye "chewing the rag,'
An' his temper at whiles, I can tell ye, is fearfu

But, tae hear what reply tae the query he'd mak',
I drew a step near ere he'd time tae begin it;
The words that he said, and the way that he spak',
Suggested this yarn as I've here tried tae spin it.
But ye'll see for yersel's, ye wha read this bit rhyme
(That is, if the Editor kindly will prent it),
Why I thocht Watty's answer sae far frae sublime,
That gart me jist then tae tak' sae muckle tent tae't.

"Weel, Jamie," he said, "'tis the truth o' my mind,
It's no for the wife or the bairns that I'm frettin',
Nor yet, lookin' back tae the past, can I find
Yae deed I hae done I could noo be regrettin'.
Na, na, it's no that, it's a something that's here
That's rackin' me sair wi' a pain diabolic—
The tatties and soup I'd tae dinner, I fear,
Hae wi' me disagreed an' sae gi'en me the colic."

ACROSTIC.

Christmas Day, 1888.

Joy reigns supreme o'er all the world to-day,
E'en gloomy winter seems to wear a smile;
Some subtle power, that human minds obey,
Seems everywhere to banish care awhile.
Intent on toys the children's hearts are bent,
Each little bosom throbs to-day with pride,
How proud they show what "Santa Claus" has sent
Unknown to them this jolly Christmastide.
The old folk, too, with hearty wishes meet,
THEY younger feel this pleasant Christmas morn
Oh! God, I pray, may pain or sorrow greet
No one this day that Christ our Lord was born!

ARE YOU READY?

Are you ready, brothers, ready?
  Are you watching for the gleam
Of the signal fires, bright burning,
  Over valley, glen, and stream?
Are you waiting, brothers, waiting
  For the word you long have known
That's to call to arms, for freedom,
  The true men of Innishowen?

Are you ready, brothers, ready?
  Have you sharpen'd pike and spear?
Are your rifles cleaned and handy
  For the day of trial that's near?
Be ye silent, brothers, silent,
  Let your chieftain's voice alone
Give the watchword that's to 'waken
  The true men of Innishowen.

Are you ready, brothers, ready,
  By old 'Derry's city walls,
Where our fathers in the old days
  Faced the foemen's cannon balls?
We will gather, brothers, gather,
  Ere the summer days are flown—
Men of Donegal and 'Derry,
  Old Fermanagh and Tyrone.

Are you ready, brothers, ready?
  Show the South and West to-day
We have men as brave and daring
  In our country's cause as they.
We are Northmen, brothers, Northmen,
  But we're *Irish*, blood and bone,
Every man prepared to battle
  For the rights our land should own.

Be ye ready, brothers, ready,
Banish hate of creed or clan,
For should Ireland raise her standard
She will need us, every man.
So, like brothers bound together
In the way our sires have shown,
Let us strike one blow for freedom
With the men of Inishowen.

ACROSTIC.

Just now, from out the springing corn I see
A lark arise, and sing while soaring high,
Making the air resound with melody.
Each note's so clear, tho' now it seems to me
So small a speck high in the summer sky.
Above the grove the cawing rooks at play
Now circle round in seeming endless flight;
Down 'mong the trees the small birds, blithe as they,
Make music sweet, that fills me with delight.
And as the songs of nature's choirsters here
Grow stronger with the warmth of length'ning day,
God's bounteous gifts to mankind doth appear.
In everything I now behold His sway—
Each bird, each flower, all things I see around,
Impress me with His majesty and might.
Zealous to learn from nature's book profound
A lesson grand, with inspiration crown'd,
This restful day would guide one's thoughts aright.

"HOP BITTERS."

November's sun had not long set
When through the streets, in cold and wet,
A man, with many weary sighs,
Strides onward through the crowd, and cries—
"Hop Bitters!'

On, on he goes, with pensive air,
Nor heeds the people's passing stare,
At every step he sadly moans,
And says in melancholy tones—
"Hop Bitters!"

A policeman, with lagging feet,
Approaches slowly on his beat,
The man his whole attention claims,
He asks "What's wrong?" the man exclaims—
"Hop Bitters!"

Again he plods his onward way,
"That man's insane," the people say;
He hears them not, nor does he care,
His only thought's that seeming pray'r—
"Hop Bitters!"

At last a friend who knew him well
In kindly words asked him to tell
What made him look so sorely tried
By fickle fortune; he replied—
"Hop Bitters!"

"You know my wife, my friend," he said;
'That dirty, ill-tongued, drunken jade.
Well, she fell sick, I thought she'd die,
But some KIND neighbour made her try
"Hop Bitters!"

"For weeks she'd lain nigh at death's door;
I thought she'd never plague me more;
But ah! death's clutches off she shook,
And now she's well because she took
"Hop Bitters!"

As on he went with drooping head,
I ponder'd well on what he said,
And think his case could not be worse.
His wife will surely make him curse
"Hop Bitters!"

A GLIMPSE OVER MEMORY'S PAGE.

The sound of the waves as they flow,
As if 'twere in sport, o'er the sand,
Brings to mind happy days long ago,
Away in my own native land.
They bring back, as if in a dream,
Old mem'ries forgotten and dead,
Till again in the old spot I seem,
And listen entranced to the stream
As it flows o'er its pebbly bed.

I seem now to hear in the wind,
As it comes o'er the sea from the west,
A message of love to remind
Me of friends I loved fondly and best—
Friends of my boyhood's bright years,
Tho' some in their graves now lie cold,
Their mem'ry's imprinted by tears.
Tho' new friends I've found, there appears
Not one half so dear as the old.

Thus lonely I sit on the shore,
And, dreaming of days that are past,
Heed not the dark clouds looming o'er,
Nor feel I how cold is the blast;
For my thoughts, with the fondest delight,
Like a bird just released from its cage,
Rejoicing, have taken their flight
To the scenes that I love. Oh! how bright
Is this glimpse over memory's page.

A MAY MORNING SONG.

High o'erhead the lark is singing
Clear and sweet its morning lay;
O'er the fields the breeze is bringing
Fragrant breaths of flowery May.
In the furze the thrush and linnet
Join in rivalry of song—
Song so sweet the music in it
Might to Heav'nly choir belong.

Daisies make the hillside yonder
White as winter's drifting snow;
Browsing cattle slowly wander
On the river's bank below,
Where the modest primrose yellow,
Peeping from amongst the grass,
With the morning's dew showers mellow,
Tempts the bees that humming pass.

Rooks above the tree-tops circle
Round and round in sportive play;
Pearl-like dewdrops gleam and sparkle
Falling from each leafy spray.
Curlews, too, in mid-air flying,
Seaward wing their changing flight,
Clear I hear their voices crying
"Curlew," from the dizzy height.

From the grove near where I'm sitting
Come, in bursts of melody,
Love songs sung by birds now flitting
With their mates from tree to tree,
And their tuneful notes of pleasure
Floating on the balmy air,
Make my thoughts, in rythmic measure,
Flow in praise of morning fair.

Ah! to me 'tis sweet to listen
To the sounds of nature here,
Where the rippling waters glisten
And the song of birds I hear.
I, who have for years been dwelling
'Mid the city's smoke and din,
Feel the morning's glories swelling
Joyous chords my heart within.

THE BRIGHT LONG AGO.

Dear home of my childhood, how fondly I cherish
Thy memory—'tis printed by time on my heart,
Tho' the present may fade in oblivion, and perish,
One thought of the past hours shall never depart.

As I sit here and muse, like a dream come before me
Those sweet, happy days of the bright long ago,
And a feeling of pleasure their mem'ry brings o'er me
As my thoughts o'er time's dark page in ecstacy flow.

Tho' far, far away now from scenes I love dearly,
And years have gone by since among them I strayed,
Yet I seem now to see, like a picture, quite clearly,
The spot where in boyhood with schoolmates I played.

Thus often does fancy in day-dreams restore me
In ærial visions the joys of the past,
Till my heart longs again, while this sweet spell is o'er me,
For youth's sunny days that have faded too fast.

THE REVEILLE.

Written in Lifford, County Donegal, July, 1876.

Hark! the loud Reveille's sounding
Clear and sharp upon the morning air;
From hill to hill the joyful echo bounding
Bids drowsy soldiers for their work prepare.
With golden beams the murm'ring streamlet glistens;
The early songbird its love-mate calls;
While on his post the watchful sentry listens
To hear the notes that wake the "Donegals."

Hail, glorious morn, all nature seems rejoicing,
O'er moor and moss the gleaming sunlight plays;
High in mid-air I hear the lark's sweet voice in
A song of gladness as he sings thy praise.
Sweet scent of flowers the soft, low breeze is bringing;
From leaf and bough the glitt'ring dewdrop falls;
But hark! the lark, affrighted, stops its singing
To hear the notes that wake the "Donegals."

Here could I rest in this lone spot for ever,
While thus my thoughts would flow in pleasant rhyme,
To hear the murmur of the sunlit river,
Where weary fishers sing to pass the time.
But, once again, the loud-toned bugle blowing,
My wandering thoughts from airy flight recalls;
Good bye, dear muse, alas! I must be going,
There sounds the "Dress,"—I'm on the "Donegals.

WAITING.

Hasten, love, the day's declining—
  See, the twilight's shadows fall,
And the moon in splendour shining
  Soon will kiss the ivied wall.
Darling, haste, the night approaches,
  Faster falls the evening dew,
Every moment now encroaches
  On my time, sweet love, with you.

Haste, then. love, the sun no longer
  Lingers in the radiant west,
But the shadows, growing stronger,
  Soon will veil yon mountain's crest.
Fragrance breathe the closing flowers,
  And the wind tells in mine ear
Tales it heard in lovers' bowers—
  Tales of love that knows no fear.

Time is ever onward stealing,
  All too quickly does it pass,
Life's dim future state revealing,
  Aided not by magic glass.
Therefore, love, why waste in sighing
  This sweet hour of twilight gray?
Life is short and time is flying,
  Let's enjoy it while we may.

SHEMUS DHU.

BY ONE WHO DIDN'T KNOW HIM.

Straight from the regions of eternal flame
The master-mind of all that's sinful came.
His imp of mischief being in some disgrace,
To earth he came to fill his impship's place;
But back to hell he went, and quickly too,
For what he sought he found in *Shemus Dhu.*

Yes, scarce had Satan trod this earthly sphere
Ere he spied *Dhu*, who then was passing near;
And Satan said, "That's just the man for me,
As mischiefmaker he'll suit to a T.
I know for years he has been at the game
On his own hook." His shopmates know the same.

He bears a name through all the shops around
Of tittle-tattling on the slightest ground.
By telling this one what the other said
He puts ill feeling in his neighbour's head,
And, adding to each little word he hears,
He sets his shopmates often by the ears.

His clatt'ring tongue and want of common sense
Make him play jokes at other folks' expense,
And his idea of an A1 joke
Is telling tales that none but he e'er spoke;
So sweet's his yarn one can't but him believe—
His victims quarrel while he laughs up his sleeve.

Small is the man who thus can take delight
In setting workmates without cause to fight.
No Christian feeling such an action shows,
Nor aught that's manly does't to me disclose;
But plain and distinct in such acts are seen
A nature jealous, evil-thinking, mean.

I speak not thus without sufficient cause—
The go-between had me between his jaws;
His spiteful promptings, keen as sharpen'd swords,
By chance alone roused but a "war of words."
Had my opponent been as rash as I
That row *Dhu* raised might not have yet been by.

Now, I would freely give him this advice—
When story-telling make the truth suffice,
Or, better far, if he'd "clish-clashing" drop
He'd find more friends in Dash's engine shop.
At such mean tricks, which none would take for wit,
It often happens that the biter's bit.

MY HOME IN DEAR OLD IRELAND FAR AWAY.

AIR—"*The Little Old Mud Cabin.*"

The day I have most pleasure is on Sunday, when at home
I've forgotten all the week's dull care and toil,
And the children gather round me when ev'ning shadows come,
While I tell them of my home beside the Foyle.
I've told them all the tales I know, I've told them o'er and o'er,
Still they seem to please them better every day,
For they know now that I love to speak of that green shamrock shore
And my home in dear old Ireland far away.

CHORUS—

Tho' far away to me 'tis dear, for mem'ry loves to trace
The scenes where in my youth I used to play,
And I see in bright dream-pictures that well remember'd place,
My home in dear old Ireland far away.

I told them of the bitter feuds I've seen there when a boy,
And how neighbours often met in deadly fight;
How bigots by their teachings made the rifle but a toy
In the hands of men who thought their cause was right.
But gladly do I tell them that such things are seen no more,
For the people see they've long been led astray,
And the time that's surely coming will harmony restore
In my home in dear old Ireland far away.

I teach them to revere the names of Ireland's noble sons
Who for Freedom's cause have suffered, fought, and died;
Of those who in the present day stand proudly to their guns
They can speak with veneration, love and pride.
But when I tell them of the laws that crush my country sore,
And of landlords' bitter tyranny, they pray
That the burden of her sorrows, which all feeling hearts deplore,
May be banished from old Ireland far away.

"SOGGARTH AROON."*

To the Very Rev. Canon Condon, St. Patrick's Parish, Glasgow.

Here is a song to you,
Soggarth aroon,
From my heart strong to you,
Soggarth aroon;
Simple its lines, but they
Voice what your people say,
While I this tribute pay,
Soggarth aroon.

Years you've been with us now,
Soggarth aroon,
Gaining all hearts somehow,
Soggarth aroon;
Tending your flock with care,
Guiding from every snare
All who God's love would share,
Soggarth aroon.

Old in God's service grown,
Soggarth aroon,
Making His cause your own,
Soggarth aroon;
Life-long the battle in
Fighting 'gainst drink and sin,
No toil to you therein,
Soggarth aroon.

Still you are true to Him,
Soggarth aroon.
Teaching what's due to Him,
Soggarth aroon;
Type of the Saviour meek,
When of His woes you speak
Tears often wet your cheek,
Soggarth aroon.

* Dear Priest.

Long may your voice be heard,
Soggarth aroon;
Preaching the Faith and Word,
Soggarth aroon;
And may God light your way
Onward, till Heaven's ray
Shines on your soul for aye,
Soggarth aroon!

IT IS COMING.

It is coming, it is coming—see, the hands are slowly gliding
Round the face of Time's chronometer, to point the wished-for hour
When my country, long in bondage, in God's justice still abiding,
Shall again amongst the nations take her place in peace and power.

It is coming, aye, 'tis coming, and I've fervently and often
Prayed that God would spare my life until I'd see that joyful day
When, amid the sounds of gladness that will bitter mem'ries soften,
All the chains that bind my Erin will for ever drop away.

It is coming, and I wonder do the martyr'd dead now know it—
That the cause they fought and died for is at last so nearly won.
Do they know that Mother Erin—ah! there's gladd'ning signs to show it—
Shall once more be independent, 'neath the warmth of Freedom's sun?

It is coming, and what pleasure's in the thought to those who've taken
In Ireland's fight for liberty e'en but a little part;
They are proud to-day to show it, that their faith remained unshaken
In the cause that, next to God's own cause, should fill an Irish heart.

IRISH NATIONAL FORESTERS' ACROSTIC.

Irish men, by birth or by descent,
Right gladly now I greet you as a brother,
If this grand union, whose firm bonds cement
So many hearts in comfort and content,
Holds you and I enrolled to help each other.

National, its aim is to combine
All Ireland's sons, wherever they may be,
Together in one strong defensive line,
Intrenched secure 'gainst every ill design
Of fate or fortune, whose playthings are we.
No man can tell how long life's sun may shine,
And so, prepared by combination sure,
Let Irishmen the future make secure.

Foresters we are, not *Ancient*, yet
Our Order has by mighty strides progressed.
Rich in its numbers, on firm basis set,
Each year adds to the strength by it possessed.
Spread are its branches now the wide world o'er
To every land where civ'lisation dwells,
E'en in Australia, and on Afric's shore,
Revered, respected than at home far more,
Still in the front our brotherhood excels.

THE "BRAD.'

Friend Neal, the other day I had
A visit from the well-known Brad—
That man whose stock of patent lies
E'en Ananias would surprise;
Whose sole delight is, as you know,
At times to draw the long, long bow,
Which means (the truth I'll not disguise)
That he tells thundering, thumping lies.
But then his lies, when they find vent,
Are utter'd with no vile intent
To do his fellow-creatures harm—
Ah, no, the Brad's big heart is warm.
To each and every one he knows
The brightest side of life he shows.
But, to my tale. You'll wonder why
I thought of writing you, and I
A stranger to you. Well, you see,
No stranger do you seem to me,
For every time the Brad is near
Some tale or pun of yours I hear;
And thinking that you'd *keep this dark*,
I send it you just for a lark.

But, faith, I'm nearly stuck this time
To put the Brad's home news in rhyme,
For what he told the wife and me
Has fairly knocked my thoughts aglee.
If half be true of what he said
Most of my friends o'er there are dead.
'Twas on a Tuesday night he came,
And I frae work had just got hame—
In fact, the supper was'na o'er
When George knocked gently at the door.
As he stepp'd in I felt quite glad
To see it was my friend the Brad.

He took a seat, we cracked awhile,
His big broad face one pleasant smile,
As if he thought—poor, simple youth!—
I'd swallow all his yarns as truth.
No, no; I knew what he was at
As soon's he said my old chum Pat
While walking on the City wall
By accident received a fall.
The innuendo I could see—
That Pat no longer was T.T.

He told me that my friend M'Gowan
Had lately tried in Foyle to drown
Himself and all his married cares
Because his wife had, unawares,
Presented him that day with twins—
Two fine, big, healthy, well-formed sons.
This later act *may* have transpired,
But further proof of it's required.
He said that wee John Bonner sloped
His wife and weans—that he eloped
With some young girl—a servant, too;
Man, this is awful—if it's true!
That Johnnie would, in such a case,
His well-known, honest name disgrace,
That he'd be guilty of such sin—
Well, no, I'd hardly take it in.
But, now I think on't, I ne'er heard
That John had married—'tis absurd!
If 'twas the case I'd surely know—
'Twould have been told me long ago.
But as I seemed this tale to doubt,
The Brad, to piece the matter out,
Said that M'Cabe, too, had to fly,
As he'd a finger in the pie.
I asked him which M'Cabe he meant,
And he, on fun or mischief bent,
From contradiction then secure,
Just said, "Why, Charlie, to be sure."

He mentioned that his wife's old mother
Had given him a lot of bother,
But that the other day, he thought,
Her funeral money he'd have got,
For he, on leaving home that day,
Saw she was *dyeing* right away;
"But, man," he said "when I got back,
She had her old gray shawl *dyed* black."
This is in part the Brad's report—
A sample of his news, in short.
One half is lies, the other trash
That, like the old wife's shawl, *won't wash.*
But I've continued this too long,
And maybe have done something wrong
In telling what the Brad told me—
He mightn't want it known, you see.
At any rate, if harm is done,
I've told it, like himself, in fun.

LET US AS BROTHERS BE.

Read at a Supper of the Irish National Club, April, 1889.

To-night around the festive board,
In harmony and mirth,
We've met to sing her songs and toast
The land that gave us birth;
And tho' amongst us here to-night
Strange faces we may see,
Till time brings round the parting hour
Let us as brothers be!

'Tis true that in the exile's heart
The love of motherland
Lives through all time as fresh and pure
As when he left her strand.

A song that's sung, a story told,
A shamrock from her shore,
Brings to the Irish exile's mind
The old-time scenes once more.

And so 'twas this that charmed us here
To meet as friends to-night—
The love for that old land of ours,
Whose cause is just and right.
Soon may the curse that sends her sons
As wand'rers o'er the sea
Be lifted from our motherland,
And leave her once more free.

TO A FRIEND IN NEW YORK.

Dear Pat, how many years have fled
Since you and I were boys together,
When, free from every earthly dread,
We sported in all kinds of weather.
What changes have we seen since then—
We've both known sorrow since we parted
But, let's be what we like as men,
We were, when boys, always light-hearted.

Now far apart in different climes,
From our loved home by fortune driven,
I wonder do *you* mind old times,
Or e'er to me one thought have given.
I know that I, while sitting here
And those old days to mind recalling,
Can fancy that your voice I hear
Amid the sound of raindrops falling.

In dreams of youthful escapades
One well-known form's beside me ever,
An old-time friend's—'tis Pat M'Daid's,
A comrade I've forgotten never.
And as my thoughts on fancy's wing
Through weary years of care and bother
Fly backward, they to memory bring
The sport we had some time or other.

How well I mind when you and I
Were schoolboys in the "Long Tower" playing;
Or when the winter's snow would lie
We'd to "Hogg's Folly" go a sleighing.
What rambles had we "'round the Moor,"
By "Bluebell Hill," where woodbine's growing,
Or "up the Line," where, clear and pure,
Past the "Green Beds" the Foyle is flowing.

How often through "Foylehill" we stray'd
And off its trees ripe chestnuts gathered,
Or from its maze of glen and glade
We took the young birds, scarcely feathered.
Of courting days I need not tell,
Those happy times were full of pleasure
When wandering by the "Brandywell"
With some fair girl we thought a treasure.

But ah! these days have passed away,
And time on me has left its traces;
Here in a strange land, too, I stray,
Far from the old familiar places.
Tho' married now ten years and more,
With loving wife and children merry,
My thoughts still turn to days of yore
And my loved home in Londonderry.

THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

(*New Version*).

I was born in Glasgow city, and I cannot this forget,
But I always loved old Ireland, tho' I ne'er have seen it yet;
For my father often told me of the lovely scenes o'er there,
And the mem'ry of her martyr'd dead he taught me to revere.
He told me how for ages held in bondage she had been,
While her sons were hung or banished for the wearing of the green.

CHORUS—

But, thank God, those days are over, let us hope the worst we've seen,
Now no more we hear of hanging for the wearing of the green.

For Ireland's murder'd patriot sons he taught my lips to pray
Ere I scarcely knew the meaning of the words I had to say;
He read to me the hist'ry of her glory ere her fall,
When her Kings and Princes sat in state in "Tara's" ancient hall.
He told me tales, when older grown, of many a bloody scene
Where they hung or shot as traitors those who loved and wore the green.

Now father's old and feeble—his life's-journey's all but o'er,
Still he loves to speak of Ireland as he did in days of yore;
He tells my children all the tales he used to tell to me—
In fervent words they vow to help their grandsire's land to free.
They sing to him his favourite songs—he thinks his tears unseen
When they with youthful voices sing "The Wearing of the Green."

TO A FRIEND IN 'DERRY.

On receiving a Box of Shamrocks, March, 1889.

What a pleasure I felt, what a gladness I knew,
When I opened my parcel, exposing to view
Your present from Erin, yet wet with its dew—
A neat little box of green shamrocks.

With heart beating proudly I looked on your gift,
While my thoughts to old home scenes went backward so swift.
Ah! there's nought you could send me would life's burden lift
Like this neat little box of green shamrocks.

How pleasant it is, though in exile I'm here
Far away from my home now for many a year,
To know there are friends in whose mem'ry I'm dear
In Erin, where grew these green shamrocks.

And I know the green spot, I am sure, where they grew—
Every grove, field, and meadow o'er there I've been through;
I can yet call to mind all my rambles with you
When we gathered the sweet little shamrocks.

So I welcome your present, and proudly I say
That my heart is in Ireland tho' I'm far away;
And I'll wear in my hat on St. Patrick's Day
A bunch of your sweet little shamrocks.

MY IRISH GIRL.

When Springtime sheds its light around
The hills and woods I love so dear,
And wild birds, in their joy profound,
So sweetly charm my listening ear;
When buds and blossoms scent the grove,
And sunbeams kiss the streamlet's breast,
There's one with whom 'tis bliss to rove—
My Irish girl that I love best.

CHORUS—

She's handsome, fair, my Irish girl,
With modest air, my Irish girl,
With cheeks like roses, teeth like pearl,
My only love, my Irish girl.

When Summer comes, and new mown hay
Makes sweet the breath of early morn,
And farmer lasses, blithe and gay,
With May's wild flowers themselves adorn;
Or when through Autumn leaves I hear
The low wind sighing from the west,
My joy's more sweet if she is near—
My Irish girl that I love best.

When Winter o'er the earth has thrown
Its icy garb of virgin snow,
The pleasures in the past I've known
Were not more sweet than these I know,
For then beside the cheerful fire,
When evening brings the wished for rest,
I sit with her, my heart's desire—
My Irish girl that I love best.

TO ERIN.

Oh! what is the charm, dearest Erin, that makes thee
So loved and revered by thy patriot sons?
And why so much sorrow whene'er one forsakes thee
To face the wide world, where no danger he shuns?
What is the sweet spell that has held them for ages
So faithful and true—is it magic or art?
Or is it thy wrongs, told in history's pages,
That makes thee so dear to an Irishman's heart?

Thy hills they are green, Mother Erin, I know it;
Thy rivers and streams as thy daughters are pure;
And brave are thy sons, in life's battle they show it—
They've skill to command, and the strength to endure.
Afar through the world they are scatter'd, dear Erin,
From kindred and friends fortune keeps them apart,
Where'er they may be, with what gladness they'd share in
Thy freedom—'tis dear to an Irishman's heart!

How long, dear old land, must thy children endeavour
To wrest from the tyrant thy freedom in vain?
How long must we wait until justice may sever
The links that now hold thee in bondage and pain?
But, oh! Motherland, there are bright days before thee,
Tny sons shall yet see all thy sorrows depart;
Thy birthright of liberty God will restore thee,
And bring peace and joy to each Irishman's heart!

THREE SCENES.

I. Sorrow.

Darkness lay o'er the land and the sea,
Save where the rays from the lighthouse shone
Out o'er the waters, a guide to be
To mar'ners brave on their journey lone.
Back from the shore, in a cottage white,
A woman stood at the window there,
Wistfully gazing into the night,
Her hands uplifted in silent prayer.
She turned and looked down on her child that slept
Its innocent sleep in its cradle bed,
A smile on its face; then that mother wept
For her baby's father, whom she thought dead.
Her husband, a sailor, had left her, to roam
On a voyage afar o'er the ocean wide,
But no news of his welfare had reached his home,
So she mourned him as dead who had been her pride.

II. Hope.

A stout ship sails o'er the foaming sea--
'Tis homeward bound for old England's shore;
True hearts are beating in hope to be
'Mong friends and kindred at home once more.
But one is there who 'bove all the rest
Wishes and prays for the sight of land—
Great is the love that is in his breast
For the wife he left on his native strand.
"Land on the port bow, sir!"—the "lookout's" cry
Is heard in those words o'er the whistling blast;
The heart of the sailor beats high with joy,
He heeds not the danger nor dread that's past.
And now, like a bird o'er the feathery foam,
The good ship glides on o'er its watery way—
'Tis bearing glad tidings at least to one home
Where sorrow and sadness too long held full sway.

III. Joy.

Bright o'er the sea shines the silv'ry moon,
Peaceful and calm are the waves to-night,
Softly they roll in a slumb'rous tune
High on the beach with their crests of white.
Clear on the air comes a joyous song
Borne by the breeze from a cottage there,
Nestled so closely the rocks among,
It claims from all storms their shelt'ring care.
Inside that cottage there's gladness and joy,
The husband and father's at home once more,
And, singing while fondling his baby boy,
His heart feels a pride it ne'er knew before.
And the now happy wife by the snow-white bed
Kneels in prayer of thanksgiving to God above,
Whose angel, when hope from her heart had fled,
Brought her peace and content through his heav'nly love.

TO 'DERRY.

To me 'tis pleasant, on a summer day,
When birds and waters join in tuneful song,
To sit and watch the feathered warblers play
In hedgerows green the river banks along.
But let the scenes around be e'er so fair,
Though birds sing sweet and waters murm'ring flee,
My thoughts still fly on Love's wings, light as air,
To *thee*, my home away far o'er the sea.
Ah! thou, old 'Derry, best beloved of all
The many places I have wander'd through,
The beauties here *thy* beauties but recall,
They cannot steal one tender thought from you;
Nor can they soothe this long-felt aching pain
That's in my heart when mem'ry's book I ope'—
This weary longing for old scenes again,
Where I oft' strayed when filled with youth and hope,
My heart was light. Ah! nought of care I knew
Till forced by fate to bid my home adieu!

THE 'DERRY T.T.'S.

Good news I hear from o'er the sea—
That 'Derry's changed its manners,
That now her sons are all T.T.
And march 'neath temperance banners.
Instead of drink and nightly sprees
That made the town notorious,
Now all is peace, the R.I.C.'s
Are getting times most glorious.

I hear the greatest drouths in town
Have dropp'd their evil ways now,
And since their names they did put down
Are having pleasant days now.

In all the boys that joined the corps
There's been a grand improvement,
And some who always drank before.
Now bless the temperance movement.

'Tis true that some black sheep have gone
And broken through the traces;
But ever with themselves alone
This dirty, mean disgrace is.
Then may success attend the boys
Who've kept their pledges cheer'ly,
A sober life with all its joys
I wish them all sincerely.

OLD 'DERRY, MY DEAR NATIVE HOME

I have rambled through woods and o'er mountains,
I've sailed o'er lakes, oceans, and seas,
I've sat beside clear crystal fountains
When fanned by the soft summer breeze;
But there's one spot my thoughts still will turn to,
No matter where'er I may roam,
And I long for the time I'll return to
Old 'Derry, my dear native home.

Oh! had I the genius of Shakespeare,
Could I write like the famed Thomas Moore,
Till I'd sing of the beauties that makes dear
That spot, I would do it, I'm sure.
But I know there's another attraction
Away there far over the foam,
And my heart turns with fond recollection
To her in my dear native home.

'Tis little of riches or honour
I've gained since I left the Green Isle,
Still my thoughts and my wishes rest on her—
Dear Mary, with love's beaming smile.
When I left her to cross o'er the ocean
I promised to make her my own,
I'll return now, with love and devotion,
To her in my dear native home.

SHIPBUILDING ON THE FOYLE.

Are they true, these gladsome tidings
That have come across the wave?
If it's so, no news more welcome
Either pen or print ere gave.
Is it not a pleasant fiction
That the future time may spoil,
That once more the sounds of labour
Will be heard along the Foyle?

Is it true our ancient city
Has, at last, awoke and seen
In the race of modern progress
What a laggard she has been?
Have her sons, at last—God bless them!
And may nought their efforts foil—
Now resolved to try their fortune
In shipbuilding on the Foyle?

Ah! too long our noble river
Has been wasted by neglect;
The want of pluck and energy
Have our trade and commerce wreck'd.
Far too long in 'Derry city
Have the hardy sons of toil
Longed to hear the sound of hammers
From a shipyard on the Foyle.

Then to those brave men in 'Derry
Who have got the heart to try
To make a fortune for themselves
And find work for such as I
Here's a wish from one who labours
Far away on Scottish soil—
May success attend their venture
In their shipyard on the Foyle!

THE LAY OF A LABOURING MAN.

What's the use of lamenting or being cast down,
Tho' Fortune, that false, fickle jade,
Still looks on all efforts I make with a frown,
And declines yet to lend me her aid.
I oft' with a song try to banish regret,
And keep off dull care all I can,
I know it is weak and but foolish to fret,
Altho' I'm a labouring man.

I'm young yet in years—just about twenty-six—
So you'll wonder what trouble I've known,
Or in such a short lifetime what kind of a fix
Would cause me my fate to bemoan.
But there's many a sorrow ne'er dreamt of by some,
No matter how well he may plan,
Unprepared for, unthought of, too often will come
In the life of a labouring man.

I care not for wealth, if I only could gain
Just as much as would lighten the load
willingly bear, as, 'mid pleasure and pain,
I journey on life's rugged road.
But it's toil, toil away, now, from morning till night
Tho' I'm but as at first I began;
Oh! it's hard all one's lifetime with fortune to fight
And still be a labouring man.

But "There's hope for the future," my wife often says,
When sometimes in sadness I sing;
"Let's be thankful for health, we might see better days—
Who knows what to-morrow may bring?"
Now, with help such as this one could cheerfully fight
Through life's battle, and lead in the van,
Though the sun of prosperity sheds not its light
On the path of a labouring man.

ACROSTIC SONNET.

By Kelvin's stream I sit and muse alone,
Around me lingers twilight's dying ray,
Intent I list to catch the silv'ry tone,
Low, soft, and soothing, as the waters play
Like diamonds glist'ning as they onward fly
In sparkling rush along their stony way.
Each note of theirs, harmoniously now makes
My wand'ring thoughts, this last sweet hour of day,
Call back the past, until my bosom aches—
Vain tho' the wish—for other scenes where I
In sportive mood, with young companions gay,
Contented stray'd and watched the daylight die.
All things I see, the water's murmur here,
Remind me but of scenes I still love dear.

THE BABY.

Who is its mother's sole delight?
Who claims her whole attention quite,
And keeps us wakeful half the night?
The Baby!

Who chews its bib, and sucks it thumbs,
And claps its hands till dada comes,
And fills the bed with nasty crumbs?
The Baby!

Who, when my daily work is o'er,
Though tired I am and wearied sore,
Upon my knee does sit and roar?
The Baby!

Who is't of whom the people say,
"It's just its father's picture," pray?
Who is it drives my muse away?
The Baby!

THE TWO MACS.

A Scene in the "S——" Branch.

Is it just, is it fair, do you think 'twould be right
Of a man who was there to keep hidden from sight
A report of the scene at our meeting,
Where M'C—— came prepared for a fight?

No, I say 'twould be wrong, a disgrace and a shame,
That the branch I belong to should bear all the blame
Of creating the rumpus that Sunday
That redounds not to anyone's fame.

So I'll try to describe in the best way I can,
Without casting a stain on the name of a man,
What I saw of the row in the League Hall,
Which seemed to be part of a plan.

Well, at 1.25 J—— M'G—— took the chair,
And I think other five office-bearers were there
When the minutes were read and adopted
In a way that seemed honest and square.

But, just then, at the door, appeared E—— M'C——,
And he walked 'cross the floor and shook hands with a few
Who seemed to be waiting his coming,
And I wondered what next he would do.

But the business went on in its usual way,
Till M'G—— called upon Mr. S——, who, that day,
Had promised to give us a lecture,
And here 'twas M'C—— blocked the way;

For he rose from his seat, and, addressing M'G——,
Asked him then to repeat or the statement disown
That's alleged he had made at last meeting,
For which he no proof yet had shown.

Then M'G——, getting riled, sprang in haste to his feet,
And, in language not mild, said, "The charges to meet
You, M'C——, should have been here last Sunday,
When I tried your wee game to defeat.

"But it's only to-day, with your friends, you've appeared,
And, as chairman, I say you will not speak a word,
For I know of the League you're no member,
And so have no right to be heard."

But M'C—— would insist on being heard there and then,
And he shook his shut fist at M'G——, while his men,
In a state of the greatest disorder,
Were shouting and shouting again.

But they saw 'twas no use, so they all left the hall,
Not forgetting abuse at the chairman to bawl,
While E—— sat down near the platform,
Not prepared to give in—not at all.

After that there was peace for a minute or two;
'Twas a happy release, and I thought that M'C——
When he saw the majority 'gainst him
Wouldn't try the past game to renew.

But E——, no doubt, thought his treatment too bad,
And again he broke out, and he very soon had
The hall in a state of commotion;
Then I thought that M'G—— had gone mad;

For he rushed from his place, which he shouldn't have done,
And I saw on his face not a semblance of fun,
As he ran at M'C—— to eject him;
A conflict that N—— didn't shun.

But friends intervened and each one took his seat,
And tho' N—— was restrained he ne'er thought of retreat,
For it was not a part of his programme
To give in ere his job was complete.

Then our friend, Mr. S——, in a speech full of power,
Spoke with vigour and pith for at least half-an-hour,
During which time M'C——'s friends re-entered
With faces both angry and sour.

But the speaker at last brought his speech to a close,
And a vote of thanks pass'd, which no one did oppose:
But scarce had the vote been replied to
When again our friend E—— uprose.

And he then caused a row that was painful to see;
When I think on it now, it seems curious to me
That there was not more damage inflicted
In the course of that bitter melee.

All was noise and uproar, peace and order had fled;
Many made for the door, filled with feelings of dread;
While around and right up on the platform
The struggle continued with N——.

Yes, he and M'G—— were in grips hard and fast,
And if I hadn't known both the men in the past
I'd have sworn they were foes of a life-time
Now met in fierce conflict at last.

And they struggled and fought and had one or two blows,
And a friend of mine caught a smart rap on the nose
Ere M'G—— got M'C—— off the platform,
Which act brought the row to a close.

In the game that was played my friend J—— took a hand,
That he felt *sore* dismayed, I can well understand,
When right on his nose in the scuffle
A M'G—— man's *five fingers* did land.

But all things have an end, and this row ended too;
And these lines I have penn'd will bring clear to your view
A curtailed but an accurate version
Of the row 'twixt M'G—— and M'C——.

Which is why I have said that it would be a shame
That the people, misled by false statements, would blame
Our Branch for creating the rumpus
That redounds uot to anyone s fame.

THE NATIONAL BRIGADE.

Read at a Meeting of the "Sexton" Branch, I.N.L.

As Irishmen and brothers,
In one common cause to-day
We've met—to help our Motherland
To drive her foes away.
To give to dear old Ireland
Both sympathy and aid
Is the aim of every man
In her National Brigade.

The motto of the National League,
You see it written there:
'Tis "Ireland a Nation"—
A claim that's just and fair.
On many kindred platforms
Are these words to-day display'd,
They're the watchword and hope
Of the National Brigade.

Now, you that love old Ireland
And long to see her free
Should know that in the glorious cause
There's work for you and me;
And in the time that's coming,
When a Nation proud she's made,
They will honour the men
Of the National Brigade.

PATRICK AHERNE.

Murdered in Middleton, County Cork, 1888.

There's a wail through the land, there's a cry of despair
From a desolate home in our country to-day;
There's a grief-stricken gathering of people in prayer
Where Coercion's last victim lies cold as the clay.
See, a father kneels there by the bedside and prays,
On his pale cheek a tear-drop no one can discern,
Yet his heart seems to break as he tenderly says,
"They have murder'd my boy, my loved Patrick Aherne."

Ah! no tear can dispel the deep sorrow he feels,
Nor friends' tender sympathy soften the blow,
When he looks on that form the white cover conceals
And sees his loved boy in death's clutches laid low.
'Twas an Irishman's hand armed with English steel,
For no reason or crime that the world can yet learn,
That brought death to that home where the people now kneel
To pray for the soul of poor Patrick Aherne.

He was murder'd, as sure as was Mandeville there
In dark Tullamore jail by ill-treatment and pain;
Yes, 'twas murder, the same as on Mitchelstown's Square,
When Lonergan, Shinnock, and Casey were slain.
On the street of his own native village he fell,
Done to death by a fiend who promotion would earn,
At what cost? that heart's wail of a mother can tell,
As she looks on the corpse of poor Patrick Aherne.

Oh, God! must we suffer such crimes to go on
Unavenged, unrequited? Is Justice asleep,
That the men of a nation long trampled upon
Can be now, with impunity, butchered like sheep?
Yes, paid and promoted for deeds such as this,
The praise of their masters their only concern,
These bloodhounds of Balfour's do nothing amiss
When they murder a peasant like Patrick Aherne.

Are we men, have we hearts, are our feelings benumbed
By the long years of sorrow our country has borne?
Can our foes say with truth that at last we've succumbed
And now lie 'neath their feet mangled, bleeding, and torn?
No, no, brothers, no, there are Irishmen yet
Undaunted, unbeaten, who fearlessly yearn
To grasp pike or rifle to pay back the debt
We owe those who murdered poor Patrick Aherne.

MOMENTS OF GOLD.

One night in my slumbers I dreamt a sweet dream—
That my darling once more I held close to my heart,
And we vowed, as we sat by the side of a stream,
No more through life's journey we ever would part.
I thought as I stroked down her long flowing hair,
And gazed with delight on her beautiful face,
That the sun never shone on another so fair,
Nor had Nature another endowed with such grace.
She told me she loved me the same as of old,
And never again from my side she would stray;
But, alas! for these sweet fleeting moments of gold,
I awoke, and my vision had faded away.
'Twas then I remembered, with heartfelt regret,
That she whom I loved with a love true and deep
Had forgotten the vows that I'll never forget—
The vows that she promised for ever to keep.

"REMEMBER MITCHELSTOWN."

Three other names are added to Ireland's martyred dead,
Three more to be remembered in our country for all time;
Not in the rush of battle was their life-blood nobly shed,
Nor on an English scaffold did they suffer for a crime.
And yet they died for Ireland on that well-known autumn day,
When at unarmed peasants Balfour's bloodhounds "shot to kill,"
These agents of Coercion may yet shrink from the fray,
When the cry, "Remember Mitchelstown!" is heard from vale and hill.

Already 'mongst a nation of grieving Irishmen,
Whose hearts cry out for vengance, although their lips are mute,
The words that came spontaneous from that great and gifted pen
Are treasured 'gainst the authors of "Don't hesitate to shoot;"
And on the day that's coming, when Justice, Truth, and Right
Have made our proud oppressors bow to a nation's will,
They'll know what urged us onward to win our country's fight
When the cry, "Remember Mitchelstown!" is heard from vale and hill.

Now in their final efforts to crush our Motherland,
And hold her bound for ever in slavery's galling chain,
By acts of vile oppression, the worst e'er tyrant planned,
Our patriots fill the prisons, their blood the pavements stain.
But soon, despite Coercion, with gladden'd hearts we'll see
The hopes we long have cherished each day grow brighter still,
Until, with joy triumphant, we hail our nation free,
When the cry, "Remember Mitchelstown!" is heard from vale and hill.

AN ACROSTIC SONNET.

Another year's fast drawing to its close;
Now dark December's dreary days are here;
Grim Winter o'er the face of Nature throws,
Unsoiled, its garb of icy white. The year
Still lives, and as its waning end draws near
My spirits rise to hail the new, in hope
And trust that when its pleasant springtime comes,
Calling the birds and flowers to life and song,
Delighted I, on some green grassy slope
Or river's bank, may sit wild flowers among,
Noting their beauties, while the scene benumbs
All other feeling save a gladness dear.
Let me thus dream, nor deem it in me wrong;
Day dreams do not to me alone belong.

IRELAND A NATION AGAIN.

I am Irish, and everywhere own it with pride,
Tho' Fortune compels me to-day
In Exile to toil on the banks of the Clyde
From that land that I love far away.
I am proud of my country, and proud of her sons
Who have tried her just rights to obtain;
I am proud of the struggle they fearlessly made
To make Ireland a Nation again.

I am Irish, and always deep in my heart's core
There's a love that's both honest and true
For the land whose sad story, when youth reads it o'er,
Brings a hate that's hard, hard to subdue.
I'm proud of my country, and proud I belong
To that race who, still faithful, retain
The long-cherished hope handed down by our sires
To see Ireland a Nation again.

I am Irish, and now, when our Motherland's near
The goal she has aimed at so long,
There's no man, *who's a man*, but whose name should appear
On the roll her true patriots among.
I am proud of my country, and proud I'm enrolled
In the ranks with her sons who maintain
That the fight for the old land ne'er ended shall be
Until Ireland's a Nation again.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S BELL.

Oh, I heard yesterday what I've heard not for years,
And the mem'ries it roused made my eyes dim with tears,
For it brought back the time ere I wandered away
From my home, where I seem but a stranger to-day.
As I passed the old schoolhouse the children were out,
And the playground was ringing with laughter and shout;
Then I heard once again, and remember'd it well,
The tinkle, ting, ting, of the schoolmaster's bell.

And its tone was the same as I heard it of old,
When its jingling ring called me too to the fold;
When its sound, all at once, as it did yesterday,
Put a stop to the noise and an end to the play.
My footsteps I stayed as the scholars went in,
Some were eager and some lagged behind, while the din
Of their voices grew less, how my bosom did swell
To the tinkle, ting, ting, of the schoolmaster's bell.

Then I looked tow'rds the doorway expecting to see
The old master, who always dealt kindly with me;
But to God from my heart there ascended a prayer,
When I saw that the form of another stood there.
'Twas a stranger, and true was the thought when I said,
"May his soul rest in peace, the old master is dead!"
And a tear of regret to his memory fell,
As I heard the last ting of the schoolmaster's bell.

Ah, I dreamt not that here time such changes had wrought,
Until weary of exile my birthplace I sought.
After twenty long years on a far foreign shore,
I returned filled with joy to my old home once more.
But, alas, of the friends I had known long ago,
Few are left, and unknown now I stray to and fro
'Mong my boyhood's loved scenes, while my thoughts fondly dwell.
On the mem'ries aroused by the schoolmaster's bell.

"FIAT VOLUNTAS TUA."*

O God! to Thee in humble prayer to-night,
Alone, unseen by other eyes than Thine,
I kneel a suppliant, led by faith aright,
To plead my cause before Thy throne divine.
Ere now, O Lord, when, in Thy wisdom great,
The dread Death Angel took our only one,
Resigned we bowed to the decrees of Fate,
And said, "O God, Thy Heav'nly will be done!"

Once more, O Lord, one of our children lies
Pale, wan, and wasted, fading day by day,
Sick nigh to death, her once blue laughing eyes
Now dimmed and dull, their brightness fled away.
Must she, too, leave us? O Almighty Power,
Who for mankind didst sacrifice Thy Son,
If 'tis Thy mandate even at this hour
We murmer not, but say, "Thy will be done!"

But, King of Kings, in mercy hear our pray'r—
'Tis hard to part with one we dearly love;
Three have we left, we've *six* already there
Who sing Thy praises in the realms above.
Then leave her with us, spare her life, O God,
And we shall teach her sin's dark paths to shun;
We've felt full sore affliction's chast'ning rod,
Yet, Lord, we say, "Thy Heav'nly will be done!"

MY NATIVE LAND.

I think of it, my native land,
When in the midst of toil I hear
The rythmic beat of belt or band
Or portion of the engine's gear

* "Thy will be done."

Fit into some old Irish air
That through my mind just then may stray,
And soft in tuneful cadence there
Keeps time and lifts life's cares away.

I speak of it, my native land,
In words that show I truly feel
What guides the poet's willing hand
To chronicle the thoughts that steal,
Like Angel whisperings, through the mind
Of one who in an exile drear,
Recalls as pictures dim outlined
The old-time home-scenes still so dear.

I think of it, my motherland,
And speak of it in words of love;
I dream of it in visions grand
That seem as if sent from above
To set my home-sick spirit free,
Through mists of vanished years to roam,
To bring back in those dreams to me
The mem'ry of my boyhood's home.

MY HOME IS WHERE MY HEART IS.

Now a stranger far I wander
From the dear old land I love,
But of it I'm ever dreaming,
With a longing still to rove
Through its meadows, where I often
Did the sunny hours beguile;
Oh! my home is where my heart is,
And that's in Erin's Isle.

Dear old Erin, land of valour,
Home of all that's bright and fair,
Nature's dwelling-place and garden,
Filled with beauties rich and rare—
Beauties that, through years of bondage,
Slavery's chains could not defile;
Oh! my home is where my heart is,
And that's in Erin's Isle.

Years have pass'd and left the traces
Of Time's footprints on my brow
Since among those scenes I wandered
That through memory flit now.
From these scenes of youthful pleasures
I must journey yet awhile;
But my home is where my heart is,
And that's in Erin's Isle.

HOW CAN I SING OF BIRDS OR FLOWERS?

How can I sing of birds or flowers,
Cooped up within this narrow room?
What know I of morn's dewy showers,
Or of the rose's rich perfume?
Here, mid the city's smoke and din,
The summer brings no joy to me—
It only stirs sad thoughts within
The fountain of my memory.

It takes me back in thought again
Amongst the scenes of bygone years;
The silent wood, the daisied plain,
Fresh pictured in my mind appears.
But, ah! these mem'ries to me bring
Nought save regret; here must I stay,
While all my thoughts and fancies cling
To the loved home-scenes far away.

No voice of blackbird greets mine ear
  When I at early morn arise,
Nor welcome song of lark I hear
  Thrill from the summer sunlit skies.
No balmy breath of flowers that blow
  Nor mellow scent of new-mown hay
Their sweetness e'er on me bestow
  To cheer me through the toilsome day.

The Springtime came and passed away,
  And I ne'er heard the cuckoo's call.
The Summer, too, awhile will stay—
  I'll feel its warmth, but that is all.
And Autumn, laden with the spoil
  Of Spring and Summer, too, will fade,
While I may, 'mid life's wintry toil,
  Scarce heed the change Time's hand hath made.